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No. 8

JANUARY 1936



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SARDAR MANSOOR

CONTENTS

The Girl on the Cover

HUSNBANU



Vagaries of the Censor—*Editorial*

Bombay Calling—*By Judas*

London Calling—*By Our Announcer*

What they ought to do—*Bhavi B.A.*

Look-out Chandulal Shah—*Kamalakar
Kamesasara Ra., B.A.*

Studio Close-ups

Howlers of the Month

Letters of Kamla

Pointers of Progress

Tabloid Reviews



Our Autograph Album

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VAGARIES OF THE CENSOR

THE Bombay Board of Film Censors is one of the most autocratic bodies in an otherwise democratic government. It constitutes of two censor inspectors with one secretary and five citizens on the Board as honorary members with the Commissioner of Police as the President of the Board, not to mention an all important clerk, doing duties of a typist, philosopher and adviser all at once requisite with sympathy and condolence as the situation may demand.

It is the one solitary department of our democratic Government where no questions can be asked and if one dared do so, no explanation is expected. The department begins with the little clerk plodding the whole day at his ancient typewriter and ends with the President who is ever so busy with his heavy responsibilities as the Commissioner of Police. The work, therefore, of catering for the public morals falls upon only two pairs of shoulders, the proud possession of two censor inspectors. In Mr. Cursetji, we have a modest man of maidenly virtues, but in Mr. Pai the Board has presented us with an '*Enfant Terrible*.' These two subordinate luminaries provide the beacon light of morals effectually to the whole of the Presidency and virtually to the entire Indian Empire. The powers that be are content to bask in the sunshine provided by these two spot lights and no questions are asked nor are any questions entertained. Consequently, our film industry has become a fertile pasture to these two inspectors to play ducks and drakes with blissful unconcern.

Considering the members of the Board we find the same pillars representing civic morality for the last fifteen years. There has been no change. Year in, year out like the legendary Klu Klux Klan the same figures have paraded in and out of the meeting room with a tragic monotony at once eloquent of the fact that the Government is at a loss to find other cultured and respectable citizens to replace these old timers. The Board of Censors is obviously the step child of our benevolent Government. Times are advancing fast. The old order has given place to the new. What was good enough in 1920 is not so in 1935. Tolerations of 1920 have become styles of 1935. And yet through all these stages of national progress, the Board of Film Censors has remained ancient in its personnel and ideals.

Now let us review the obstacles our producers have to surmount in securing the hall mark of the Board.

First and foremost is the political question. No picture must smell of politics,—local, national, or foreign—in short, the subject matter of the story must not directly or indirectly reflect upon the policy of the Government. Admitted, that the Government have enough worries without the producers adding to them, but may we know how the members of the Board, as they are at present, are qualified to take a decision for the Government in this matter? The only authorized person who can think for the Government is the Commissioner of Police, but his decision may be urged by personal opinion.

The communal question with all its tragic history written in letters of blood on the streets and bye lanes of different cities in India is one of the biggest bogies of the members of the Board. If a producer happens to court enterprise by producing a picture historically truthful in all details and if the subject matter happens to be a battle between the Hindus and the Mahomedans, the two principal communities in India, then God help the producer. The picture is banned straightaway by the censors without second thought and history is shelved with a vengeance. The Mahomedans who have rather an unfortunate but eloquent method of protest have been given enough encouragement by prompt attention to their protests howsoever unjustified, and in consequence we find the Mahomedans kicking up an unholy row over the flimsiest excuses and the Board submitting to their wishes with a slavishness that reflects upon the ability of the Government to rule.

The only explanation can be found in the large numbers of the Mahomedans in India, as otherwise why

should the picture, 'Jawani-ki-Hawa' be allowed to be released for public exhibition in spite of the united protest of the Parsi community? Is it because the Parsi community happens to be the smallest in numbers and as such incapable of disturbing the equilibrium of Government? It is clear that the Board does not act on any fixed principles of control but plays the slavish fiddle to the policy of the Government prescribed from time to time as demanded by the situation. If a controversial Mahomedan picture happens to be true in all historical details, it is the duty of the Board to pass it and permit it for general exhibition. Unfortunately, if the picture provides a cause for a breach of the peace or riots, it is the duty of the other executives of the Government to suspend its exhibition, but the Board of Censors cannot ban the picture in its initial stages by the widest stretch of its powers and imagination.

The third and primary obstacle, very often a stumbling block with the producers, is the question of morals. We have yet to meet someone who could exactly define morals. If two intimate friends set out to discuss morals, after an year's arguments they would not agree. The subject is so vast and so vague. And yet two inspectors, ill equipped in the ways of the world and experience, are made to dole out morals to the producers and to the world in general.

Pictures are not produced for pleasure. Picture producing is a serious business. The average picture costs nearly Rs. 50,000, and the producer expects some profit over and above this large investment. The market for Indian pictures is mainly Indian and not a universal market as in the case of foreign pictures. The number of cinemas in India is very small compared with other countries, and the number showing Indian pictures is still smaller. The producer expects all his return of investment with the profit from such a restricted field. With such limitations the picture must be made entertaining, and producers often resort to bold scenes in dances and melodramatic situations. The Censor is always on their mind and these scenes are naturally far, far away from immorality, active or suggestive. And yet the Censor inspectors invariably find some flaw with the picture on grounds of immorality, and ultimately ban the picture.

Unfortunately, for our producers, both the inspectors are highly sensitive. In a dance scene if one of them happens to see a leg of the dancer, he is likely to go into hysterics. We wonder what he would do in a night club in Berlin, where dancers often choose birthday cos-

tunes to put life into the night, The Board would have to keep an ambulance waiting outside the theatre for the inspectors if producers went beyond the one leg of the dancer. It is a pity of pities that in 1935 we are given inspectors born in the last century with mediaeval idiosyncracies and ancient ideals.

On one side we find the Government trying to educate the masses and sowing the seeds of Western Civilization while here we have inspectors who are pulling us back to prehistoric times. What a tragedy !

THEY WANT LUNCHES.

The process of censoring a picture also provides a funny sidelight in the life of a producer. A picture is completed and you go to the office of the Board. The clerk, the only consolation prize in the whole raffle, welcomes you with a genuine delight. He is one of those honest workers who enjoys working hard, but he has unfortunately very little to do. He inquires after your health, business and what not. He is easily sympathetic. Then you talk of the picture. Oh yes, it is all very easy. The clerk phones up one of the inspectors at his residence. These inspectors are rarely to be found in the office. They are probably paid for staying at home. After some heated brain gymnastics, the poor clerk at last succeeds in getting a date for the censoring. There is always a proviso that the inspector who is very hardworking, will have to start early from home only for the picture, and will have to starve unless a lunch is provided in the Taj or at Pearse's. You are ready. As a producer you have staked Rs. 50,000, then what is a small lunch? You agree. Of course, you must.

The day of the censor trial has arrived. The August Presence was due at 9 a. m. You have managed to be present from 8-30. The time flies past. It is 10. 30. when you see a car arriving. In protest, the car coughs, and with two parting coughs, comes to a standstill. Prince Charming has arrived. You switch on your best maiden smile, blush and look coy, and stand all attention. The Prince has not seen you. He gets down and tells the driver something as regards parking the car under a tree where there is no sun, but whilst doing so notices a spot on the car. Hastily taking out his kerchief he wets it with his spittle, and rubs the spot away, muttering that drivers are careless. At last the car is parked with one final injunction from the Prince that he should not leave the car alone. And now after fully ten minutes since his arrival, he turns round for the first time towards the theatre steps to receive the humble homage of the producer

and his satellites. "Have you brought the film" snaps out the inspector. The film has been there the last two hours and in some cases since the previous evening. "Who has produced the picture? What is the name?" is just another brain spark of the worthy gentleman even after having provided his office with all details including the ancestry of the producer. "Come on, come on. quick. I have no time. Start the picture" is one more command. You dust the chair with your handkerchief and offer it to the inspector. Graciously he takes it. The fans are switched on. Tea is served immediately with paan and betel, cigarettes, of course. The first two reels have already passed, and the inspector suddenly realises the fact that he is seeing the picture. The first outburst is "What is this nonsense?" (this in tones of outraged modesty) "Stop, stop, and start from the beginning" is just another casual order. At last the trial goes on. From reel to reel the producer is compelled to listen to numerous stupid remarks ejected in shrill womanly tones providing a running commentary of men and things in the industry, full of libel, defamation, and what not.

At last it is completed and the producer drives off for lunch—the promised lunch. Things very often turn out O. K. after the lunch, but sometimes things do go wrong and you are asked to cut out the most inoffensive and innocent pieces. You protest, though mildly. His temper goes up with a suddenness. You realize quickly that you have rubbed the fur the wrong way. You repent and humbly agree to carry out the changes. But now it is too late. The Board must see the picture. He cannot do anything. The picture which was probably to be released in a couple of days to avail of several local holidays, is now postponed for two months. The Board must see. Is that not enough?

Several days later, the Board arrives. It is a motley crowd to see those well fed members with arrogance of money and position reflected on their faces. With a fixed expression of martyrdom, you know they are doing honorary jobs, they enter the portals bent on finding as many flaws in the picture as possible. As if to lend gravity to the whole procedure, one of the members asks his motor driver to see the picture and the driver's opinion is later on flung with a vengeance into the face of the producer.

With tragic silence punctuated at intervals with grunts and growls the trial has passed off. With a suddenness, that would do honours to the man whose head had been on the block to be guillotined and who

has been pardoned at the last moment, the members get up and get out and get into their cars without speaking a word or without even looking at the producer who has been watching their faces anxiously in the eloquent shadows of the theatre for the last three hours.

Days later a meeting takes place and soon the result is out. Every member including the censor inspector comes out with full colours flying. At forty places the scenes must be cut. The picture has suddenly started smelling of 'controversial politics.' If all these alterations are carried out only the main and subtitles remain. The rest is just gone waste.

The producer remonstrates. He is shocked. He does not know what to do. He carries out as many alterations as possible with the result that the picture which was once a comedy now becomes a tragedy. The Board is invited again by paying heavy fees. The same procedure described above follows with the only change in the frequency of grunts and growls. By now the picture has become a pot of old cheese, at which the members sniff with disdain. 'Change the title of the picture. It reminds us of one great revolutionist and gives us creeps,' that is the new verdict. God bless them. The producer who had to prepare several thousands of rupees worth of publicity in advance is stunned with the new verdict because all

booklets, posters, slides, trailers, etc., have to be reprinted with the new name. As a consolation, the inspector suggests half a dozen names—all his brain waves of course—but each miles away from the subject matter of the story. The producer keeps mum. The inspector tries to justify the choice of his suggestions by argument. The producer thinks that if any one of the names suggested is taken up, it would amount to dubbing a "Leila Majnun" picture with the title of 'Sohrab and Rustom.' !!

This is exactly what goes on behind the screen—unasked, unquestioned. The producers are too much frightened to ask any questions. They have to be in business, and they cannot be on the wrong side with the inspectors and the members.

The working of the Board of Film Censors calls for an enquiry by higher officials. The present process is throttling our industry. There must be some Court of Appeal for the grievances of the producers.

Nobody yet knows why "The Mill" produced by Ajanta Cinetone was banned. Nobody yet knows what was wrong with "Mahatma" produced by Prabhat. It is high time the press is taken into confidence if the Board insists on saying that their methods are above board.

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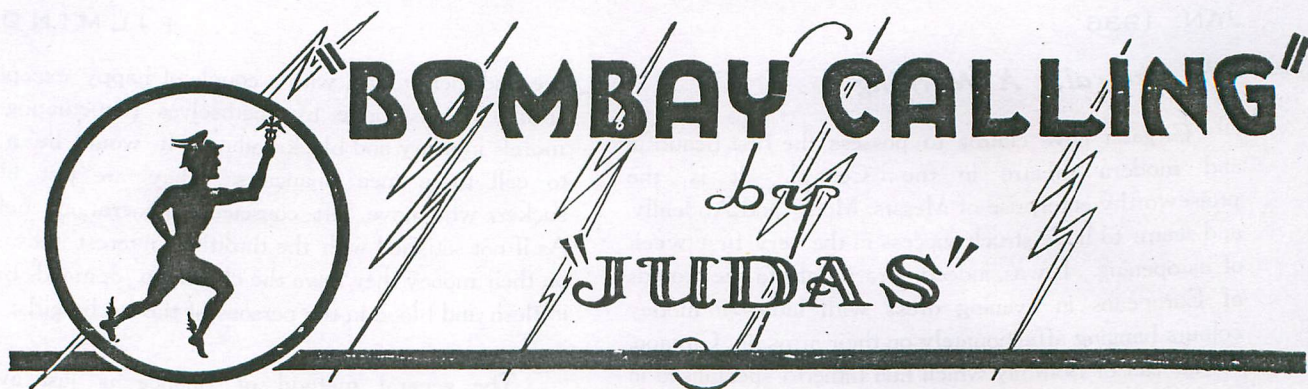
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by

"JUDAS"

Art on the Block

Those who saw the picture "Song of Life" produced by Kolhapur Cinetone and portraying the work of the Ratan Bai unit, can find little justification for the general broadcast of grievances and complaints indulged in some months before by Hafizji, the publicity henchman of the trio.

When the Ratan Bai unit composed of Atorthy, Hafizji and the Madam herself, left the New Theatres and came to Bombay, Ratan Bai came out with numerous complaints ultimately resulting in a well prepared scheme of villification projected against B. N. Sirkar, the proprietor of the New Theatres. It was just like spitting at the Sun, and very soon, as was natural, the agitation died down with abortive convulsions.

Then the unit produced "Yasmin" with the Eastern Arts and capably provided an index of what was in store for the producers ultimately. But as the Company had entered into an agreement for two pictures, they thought discretion the better part of valour and tolerated these people producing another picture: "Bharat-ki-Beti."

"Yasmin" was a miserable failure, and "Bharat-ki-Beti" did not bear out the hopes and expectations of the Company. The unit got a setback which they had to explain away. Very soon Hafizji got busy, and the markets of all cities and towns knew that the "Ratan Bai" unit since its birth was never provided proper facilities by any producer, otherwise it would have produced a picture which would have made C. B. De Mille blush with inferiority complex.

The story reached Kolhapur and the proprietors of Kolhapur Cinetone, not knowing the ways of the trio, probably thought that good artistes were being blasphemed by incapable producers, came to the rescue of the Ratan Bai unit with Rs. 4,000 a month and *carte blanche* for all facilities and any expenses.

Very soon "The Song of Life" started with a full orchestra of notes and thousands flying. Everyone and everything in the well equipped studio which till then had been the pride of Kolhapur, were just not good enough for the Ratan Bai unit. What did any one in Kolhapur know of music when the monopoly belonged to Ratan Bai. Harishchandra Bali was brought on Rs. 600 a month because he wept when he sang, and he had a romantic heart. Kolhapur had no women to work in an extra role, so a woman on Rs. 600 a month was taken from Bombay. And still others went taking the budget for imported talent to Rs. 8,000 a month. The picture took six months to produce after paying Rs. 48,000 to six or seven imported persons. What they paid to the others, artistes, extras, technicians, etc., we do not know, but the picture very nearly reached the jealous goal of Rs. 1,00,000. At last the picture came to Bombay to fail—and dashed miserably. In sympathy with Bombay, it failed at Delhi, Lahore, and several other big stations wherever Hafizji managed for the simultaneous releases so that the bad news from one place should not reach the other places.

We saw the picture. Only Gajanand Sharma, the editor of "Movies," Delhi, who happens to be one of Ratan Bai's orchestra men, seems to have liked it. All others have given it a wide birth. What Gajanand Sharma fell in love with was Hafizji's work. Try to imagine this if it is not straining your brain too much. Ratan Bai agreed with Sharma, but that does not surprise us. It is a matter of taste.

After wasting a lakh of rupees, after getting all the facilities possible, with willing proprietors, who would send a car 50 miles for a small pin, what has the Ratan Bai unit done? Nothing. But it has outraged ART and its sacred associations. And the folly is being repeated, giving a chance to duplicate the crime! In the beginning we considered these people as genuine, but evidently we were mistaken.

The Central; A Warning

Girgaon now claims to possess the first beautiful and modern theatre in the "Central." It is the praiseworthy enterprise of Messrs. Mody and Abdeally, and seems to have struck success in the very first week of its opening. It was, indeed, a rare sight to see crowds of Europeans in evening dress with ladies in motley colours hanging affectionately on their arms in Girgaon, the quarter of Bombay which had hitherto specialised in providing sights with a strong sprinkling of Hindu caps and 'dhoties.'

It is not for us to question the decision of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in releasing their classics in a quarter inhabited by the middle classes; nevertheless, compliments are due to the proprietors of the "Central" for bringing better class foreign pictures right into the homes of Indian middle classes. The Central may secure good business but we doubt whether Metros will do so. After all is said and done, Girgaon is definitely neither a fashion centre nor the promenade of Bombay.

Metro's pictures in the heart of the city provide a distinct challenge to the Indian producers, who may expect an audience with a better screen sense than ever before and with a desire to see better pictures whether they be foreign or Indian. Unless our producers produce better pictures they will soon deliver their patrons to their foreign rivals. So far, the foreign pictures have always been shown in higher class localities, and these have been patronised generally by the rich and the educated. But now they are coming right into the homes of the masses and the masses alone have given money to our producers.

Considered from a commercial point of view, the efforts of the Central ought to act as an incentive to Indian producers to produce better pictures. Let us see if our producers accept the challenge.

These Financiers

The hire out studios do not happen to be the only evil in our industry. There are several other causes contributing jointly and severally to make the industry an unstable and unreliable business enterprise. Finance which is the backbone of all trades and industries in the world, is unfortunately the biggest stumbling block with the film industry in our country. The financiers as

we find them today, with a couple of happy exceptions, form a vicious circle by themselves perpetuating low morals in usury and blackmailing. It would be a pity to call these men financiers. They are just blood-suckers who have left conscience generations behind. As if not satisfied with the throttling interest they take on their money they have the cheek to demand barter in flesh and blood in the persons of the studio girls.

The general method of finance is just awful. Approach a financier, by all means, why, they are waiting for the producer to knock at their door with an unholy anxiety which would compel our established bankers to blush. You want money. Of course you can have it, but you must first tell the big bellied tin god as to who the girl in the show is and further assure him that the girl is really sensible and is quite prepared for anything in the day's work, be it even a night job. For days on end the negotiations go on and continue their course through different locations like Worli, Juhu or Chembur and ultimately one moonlit night things reach consummation and a producing concern is born to produce pictures and perpetuate the traditions of our film industry.

Romantic association has given the tin god a temporary conscience and he anxiously goads the producer to start production. At this juncture the legal pimp steps in. Courtesy demands that some of these men should be called solicitors. Agreements are drafted, discussed and signed, and the financier has agreed to dole out by small bits a sum of Rs. 30,000 with an interest of 24% per annum plus a royalty of Rs. 8,000 to be given as goodwill penalty to the tin god in consideration of his willingness to finance. The security for this money constitutes of a queer collection which to index from the beginning starts with a promissory note and after including the picture to be, the advances to be received, the heroines working, the chattels and equipment, ultimately ends by embracing the wife of the producer if she happens to be young, good looking and sensible. Let the producer be a cameraman or for that matter a 'hypo-assistant' in the laboratory, all that he should *not* be is a business man.

A businessman would not agree to this amount of repayment may it be in coin or kind. The financiers as we find them to-day do not want businessmen, they want adventurers who trade in morals and business principles.

With a few fortunate exceptions almost all our producers are in the vicious grip of these bloodthirsty slave dealers who deal in currency of every kind, moral or immoral. These financiers have given the industry a death blow and in doing so have poisoned the atmosphere so much that no regular banker cares to step into this industry.

God Bless Our Bankers

No country in the world has got such an unenterprising and unpatriotic set of bankers as India has. Most of our bankers are stupid fools who would willingly lose a million in the silver crash but to invest a penny in the film industry would be considered a crime against all accepted principles of banking.

Unless our bankers take it into their block heads to finance our film industry on usual banking basis, the future of our industry is really dark.

Some one must tell these bankers that the film industry is a sound financial proposition in which the money of their shareholders can be profitably invested with better safety than in exchange and other commodity gambles.

Some time back we drew the attention of the Motion Picture Society of India which claims to be the mouthpiece of the film industry. We had suggested that a dinner party may be thrown for these tin gods where the crying needs of our industry may be palatably served so that in the near future at least one banker in his weak moment may commit the 'mistake' of financing a producing company in India. But alas, the Motion Picture Society which we are always prepared to support on principles, seems to betray unusual alacrity in collecting funds for the members and paying the money thus collected to some *sinécure* writers of its monthly journal but when it comes to doing some serious work which would benefit the industry, all the workers including the untiring salesman Mr. K. S. Hirlekar seem to fade out of sight.

We are sure that the managing members of the Society are not another set of stupid fools like our bankers and that they do realize the fact that the entire future of our film industry is dependent on sound employment of finance. And yet nothing is being done by the Society beyond closing the nets on unwary members and shelling money out of them for the benefit of the few who have helped to weave the nets.

Home Life !

Men who take kindly interest in our industry by regular inquiries about the future of our industry often complain that those who actually work in the industry in different capacities have no home life.

Examples are quoted of men who have left their families for good and taken up quarters with low singing prostitutes.

In the majority of cases this complaint is quite true and justifiable. And yet we know men who are producers—prominent ones too—who work from morn till night in their studios and yet never for a day have they missed the comforts of their own home during the nights. They are people who are taking the film industry as any other serious business and who refuse to surrender their individuality and home life for any consideration in the world. These men have our admiration.

But there are others who have lost all sense of propriety and play ducks and drakes with their own lives and those of others dependent on them.

In Memoriam !

Dada Phalke who proudly calls himself the father of the film industry seems to have now become the grand father. For over a year he has been working at the Kolhapur Cinetone Studios in Kolhapur trying to produce a picture called "Gangavataran" and yet the picture is reported to be months and miles away from completion or release. One cannot understand why a man with Phalke's standing and experience should have taken so much time to produce a talkie picture which should have ordinarily taken about three months. Nearly a hundred thousand rupees are reported to have been spent over the picture already. Ordinarily a picture costs about half of the sum spent so far. And yet the picture is nowhere near completion and no one knows when it will be completed—for that matter no one even knows how far the picture has been shot. All that we hear about Phalke's progress with the picture is through the never failing series of silly and senseless articles appearing in weeklies from time to time written by himself trying to justify his follies which he keeps on perpetuating by repetition.

If Phalke finds time to write these useless senseless and silly articles one wonders why he cannot find time to

finish his work in hand. If a man forgets gratitude and takes liberties with the good reputation of his proprietor he should at the same time realize that there are men who judge others by their own standard.

Phalke is easily a forgotten name. The 'father' is dead and we find that Phalke is now very much an 'infant' in the present day industry. His old silly ideas are no longer needed or useful. Modern technic is far advanced and the old ideas of Phalke sound ancient now.

I cannot find any excuse for Kolhapur Cinetone for having entrusted this man with a picture which I am sure will never be worth while seeing. If the Kolhapur Cinetone had so much reverence for our first man of the industry they should have given him a life pension payable every month rather than to have allowed him to produce a picture which will cost two hundred thousand rupees.

In addition to Phalke's inability to take up any responsible work it is painful to find that with the advance of years his tendency to brag and create compromising situations has over developed. Read any of his articles and you will find his egotism stinking like old cheese all over the article.

It is a pity of pities that Dada Phalke could not from the very beginning agree with Major Dadasaheb Nimbalkar the managing director and probably one of the most amiable personalities we had the good fortune to meet.

We have no hopes for 'Gangavataran' unless a better man than Phalke is immediately placed in charge to complete the picture. Phalke is a spent force and the industry does not want him any more.

"Setu Bandhan" produced by Phalke failed and it was one of the silliest pictures we had the misfortune of seeing and "Gangavataran" will go the same way.

Foreign Hirelings

In several studios in India we find today German, American and other foreign technicians working and regularly drawing very large salaries without the least justification. One big producing company which began its career with a full salute of all the guns roaring only a year back started production with a crowd of German experts with their wives and children all drawing fat salaries which would have maintained fifty times as many Indians. When questioned the managing author-

ities explained away by saying that these foreign experts were brought out to train our own men. It is over a year now and yet these foreigners are there training no one and drawing big salaries. All of them combined produced one picture during the entire year and that too was not technically perfect.

Other studios in India have given precious opportunities to these foreign adventurers. From reliable reports we understand that most of these white skinned hirelings have grossly misbehaved inspired by their imaginary superiority complex and goaded by their enforced bachelorhood and yet our producers have somehow tolerated them. Some of these foreign adventurers are shameless tommies and absolute strangers to commonsense, dignity and ethics of brotherhood. Even if one kicks them they are prepared to take the treatment lying down because it suits their purpose.

What is wrong? Have we not enough local talent that we need these foreign hirelings? Or are our producers suffering from inferiority-complex? This is a question of self respect and patriotism. "Kick out these foreigners," should be the 1936 slogan of all the self respecting producers with moral courage.

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Director : P. ATORTHY.



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Starring : RATANBAI

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"London Calling"

By

Our Own Announcer

Hello Folks!

LONDON CALLING. I am just recovering from the effects of loss of sleep. It is a peculiar kind of disease for which there is only one cure. And that is to avoid it. If you care to consult your doctor on the subject or refer to a medical encyclopedia; they will describe its symptoms and causes with a large and varied list. So far as I am enlightened it appears that loss of sleep can be effected through such things as noise, bad digestion, over excitement, bad nerves, or an overdose of narcotics. So far as I am concerned all of them made a combined attack on me last night. Did I say on me? That would not be right. It made an attack upon all the inhabitants of London. Now the census gives the total population of London as 8,000,000. It is rather surprising how all those people suffered at one and the same time from one and the same disease. There is a secret behind it. Yesterday was the election day. We all voted National and gave Mr. Baldwin the power to build more ships. Yes, big ships with big guns, which can blow off the heads of hundreds of people with one shell.

There was great fun in Trafalgar Square. Crowds jostled, women sang, people danced on the streets, and the Policemen dropped dizzy with fatigue. We had all assembled there to hear the election results which some of the cinemas were going to broadcast through microphones. I was there because it cost nothing to hear.

And who do you think I met. A chap who tipped me off about one of the greatest films that it is to be produced. A film that will not only make history for the screen, but all humanity itself. It is being secretly produced, and much of the story will be made known only when the film is released. THINGS TO COME, is the title of it. Mr. H.G. Wells the famous writer has written the scenario. The film depicts all the boldness, imagination, vividness and lure which are characteristic of Mr. Wells' works. The story begins in the immediate future. The hub of the great city—"Everytown"—filled with Christmas shoppers, and then comes the sudden calamity of a great war, the greatest war that mankind has seen which results in the destruction of civilisation and its achievements. And out of ruin and devastation arises a new world dominated and motivated by scientists and airmen. It would be interesting to see this story on the screen, as the producers have made a giant effort to render

all the vividness required for such material. The dresses for the cast are new and are a departure from what we see in common life. So keep a lookout.

That reminds me. Nowadays children prodigies are a new variety on the screen. I should not say new for in the past they have figured on films and some of them with remarkable success. But today they are in the fashion. Heard of a chap called Mickey Rooney? Well, he is out for some mischief. Though barely reaching out for the teens he is elated with his success as Puck in Shakespeare's A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. However, he thinks that having made good money he is entitled to all the fun which his elders enjoy. Specially was he fascinated by motor cars. One day he sprung a surprise in the family by bringing home a car. Of course the person who sold it drove him home in his new auto. And what you think he paid for it? Thirty shillings. Unfortunately his plans have collapsed. For two reasons. His father does not permit him to go a-driving himself. The other—more important—the car has broken down.

The other baby stars, or ex-baby stars, whom all the world know will figure in a new picture which is being produced. They will be brought in a team in the film "AH, WILDERNESS." Baby Peggy is one of them. She is now grown up and ready to resume her screen career in leading roles. Mickey Bennet, who appeared as a child in many silent pictures, dances with her in the scene. Dick Winslow, known in his child actor days as Dickie Winslow, supports the cast. So does Nancy Price who scored a hit as the little girl in WOMEN LOVE DIAMONDS. Buddy Messenger and Muriel McCormick are a few more of the screen babies of the silent days, now grown up, who will be seen in this picture. All are young men and women now, and are still concentrating on a film career.

And there are some other new film stars who are coming into prominence. They are Stanley Baldwin, Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Elliot and Sir Samuel Hoare. They were shown on the screen for the last month or so. The one who succeeded undoubtedly was Mr. Chamberlain. As an actor he enjoys supreme confidence and perfection of gestures. Mr. Baldwin is all right with his explanations. Mr. MacDonald "Goes on and on." Mr. Elliot is exceptionally brilliant with pigs. While Sir Samuel Hoare screeched, so his part had to be withdrawn. Have you seen these new stars?

Hello Folks, I shouldn't bother!

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SARASWATI CINETONE, POONA

What They Ought To Do!

By—BEHARI M.A. (*Allahabad.*)

(This is a contribution from Mr. Behari, M.A., of Allahabad who writes to say that he stayed in Bombay for four months and closely studied the production methods and commercial possibilities of our film industry. He says that he also spent a month in Calcutta. Out of courtesy we believe him, but if he has really observed what he writes within such a short time then Mr. Behari would be better at Allahabad, for our film people do not like things to be pointed out to them. "The Editor.")

I sent this contribution to two monthlies—one in Bombay, the other in Lahore. Both of them refused to publish it. Then I got a copy of "FILMINDIA" at Wheeler's Stall and after going through it I was surprised to note the trenchant articles and the fearless criticisms by a pen that proved a wonderful master of the English language. I had found my vehicle of expression. Let me proceed with my Bombay visit.

For years I was acquainted with the name of the Imperial Film Company. I have seen several of their pictures, to be more truthful I have hardly missed any. Till the Ranjit people came into the limelight, I think Imperials were leading. So I decided to visit the Imperial Studio situated at the foot of the Kennedy Bridge.

At the gate I was met by the Pathan. His name is Behram Shah. He is a happy combination of the Afridi stature and the Shinwari look. His principal duty is not to guard the gate but to keep his master, Khan Bahadur Ardeshar, constantly chewing pan and betel so that the master's jaw may always be busy chewing and so may not get time to talk business. I expressed a wish of seeing the studios and meeting the proprietors and Behram Shah allowed me to enter with a cynical smile. Behram Shah is quite a philosopher. He has seen so many enter that temple where Mahmud Gaznavi, I beg your pardon, Khan Bahadur Ardeshar Irani, has the great idol of Art smashed to bits and all its riches outraged that one more worshipper would not disturb Behram Shah's equanimity of mind. He knew that I would also go out disappointed—possibly disgusted.

Thinking that it would be proper to pay my respects I went straight to the office of the Company where Khan Bahadur Ardeshar happens to have a chamber which he is reported to be using only at late hours for

getting round knotty problems. At the office I did not find Khan Bahadur Ardeshar and the office boy told me that the proprietor can be found in the billiard room with the entire management revolving round him and the artistes and the retainers making up a halo at once glaring and romantic. Chuckling, I went down to the billiard room, the battlefield where all the commercial duels are fought. Khan Bahadur Ardeshar was there chewing his pan, with the others hovering about some with smiles flying, the rest with slavish airs.

I introduced myself and Khan Bahadur Ardeshar growled. He could not speak as the pan was freshly inserted. He looked at his manager—the general manager, R. C. N. Broacha, the gentlemen who generally fixes up things for others having long before fixed up his own. Mr. Broacha has a condescending personality rather a happy compromise between the polish of a Richelieu and the designs of a Rasputin. He smiles benevolently, talks patronizingly, spars amiably, and in all his talks and walks there is such a heavy sprinkling of sweet politeness that one is carried away into an ecstasy of affection for Mr. Broacha, the human beacon of divine guidance to his great proprietor.

Hardly had I talked to Mr. Broacha for five minutes when I perceived a small shivering man behind Khan Bahadur's broad back trying to court limelight and declare his existence with a fruitless vengeance. I drew Mr. Broacha's attention and in another minute I was introduced to Seth Abdulally Eusufally, Khan Bahadur Ardeshar's partner in life and business.

I expressed a desire to be introduced to all and minute after minute I knew new personalities including Director Chowdhary and his day and night shadow, Ex-Director Garekhan, Sulochana and her new rival, Rose, Mubarak and his apology, Gulam Mahomed, Billimoria and his new worry, Kumar, Director Homi and the recent expensive purchase, the stuttering Nand Lall. They were all there, within effective range, completing a circle which lent pride to the proprietor.

It was a great staff and yet the Imperial pictures have never betrayed any consistency in its successes. This Company is paying the highest salaries, and is also

employing the largest number of employees in the film industry. What they pay out to the staff in a month is more than enough for the other companies to produce a good picture. And yet reports say that the Company is not in a very happy position.

What should be done to achieve the desired results is a question which Khan Bahadur Irani is probably afraid to ask himself.

I shall tell them and if they care to listen they will get much better results than hitherto:

1—Stop taking finance from people at exorbitant interest, and on the top pay several thousands by way of royalty over every picture. Instead, draw a balance sheet of assets and liabilities and forward the financing proposal to some banker who is agreeable to advance money on a commercial interest of 9% per annum.

2—Stop giving distribution of pictures to the man who finances. It is a suicidal policy. That man will always keep his Company indebted. It pays him to do so.

3—In place of a crowd of useless directors keep only two useful directors who would produce four pictures each so that the Company can produce eight good pictures a year regularly instead of ten directors producing hardly six rotten pictures a year as is being done now.

4—A director with a big reputation built on luck and stars happens to indulge in blackmail by demanding large advances constantly, and delaying work by criminal waste of time, kick him out. There are always better men to be found who can turn out as good work or better given the same opportunities and facilities. Remember that a new man comes with new ideas and works more enthusiastically.

5—Stories and scenarios of at least six pictures must be ready in hand with songs and dialogues written by well known writers. A good and successful writer is worth his weight in gold even if he weighs as much as the Aga Khan.

6—When a heroine who had identified herself with the Company and whose success is due to the efforts of the Company wants to be unreasonable and starts demanding a fancy salary, kick her out. She is not worth keeping. She is bound to come to grief in the long run, even if for some time some foolish tin gods are prepared to burn incense of gold for her beauty and its temptations.

7—Don't go all the way to Calcutta and get fatly paid heroines with flat noses, no looks and no talents. They may be good companions at the table, or may add colour to the gathering round the billiard table, but they are definitely not artistes for the screen. Remember that film production is business and not pleasure.

8—Don't allow any director to cultivate an affectionate interest in any girl working in the Studio. Make it a condition of employment. Directors who do that often prostitute the interests of the proprietors and put his dignity and self respect on the auctioneer's block.

9—Don't consider a director indispensable and go out of your way to pay for the court decrees against him. If a man in the responsible position of a director cannot look after his own interests, he cannot be trusted to look after the interests of his proprietors. This is ordinary horse sense.

10—Respect your partner. He is another part of yourself. He likes power and position just as much as you do. Share the rewards of life, if you have the

(Continued on page 45)

ODEON RECORDS



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"Look Out Chandulal Shah"

Mr. Chandulal Shah in delusion?

Kamalakara Kameswara Rao, B. A.,

The smoothness of the mountain has disappeared and has given place to ruggedness in a close-up. We thought it a cuckoo but when it opened its mouth we came to know that it was only a crow. We expected pearls to fall from those smiles; instead, more shells fell. Such is the case with Mr. Chandulal Shah, one of the Ace-directors in India, when he tried to speak through his *Ranjit Bulletin* of 26th October 1935, giving up his age-long customary silence for the time being.

In that he talks on art and film and in so doing he proves himself to be a man of self-contradiction and self-delusion. At the very outset, he betrays his ignorance unconsciously and says "Art is a very vague term. Its implications are wide and ambiguous." It is indeed a real confession. The majority of his productions are a standing proof of this. Is it any wonder then if he indulges in such artificial productions when he has no definite views about Art? Does it not then provide him with ample scope to delude himself into believing that whatever he does is art because with him art is a very vague and ambiguous term?

In elucidating this fact he says "If a story is powerful art enhances its appeal", as if art and a powerful story are quite different from each other. Then again he contradicts himself by saying "simply big settings do not mean art. One of the best forms of art is the forceful presentation of strong themes with penetrating realism." If this is his final opinion, I wonder why he indulges in roving about and contradicting himself instead of explaining his own point of view about art.

Certainly his power of understanding must have become dim and narrow. Or else, he must not have understood the critics like that. He says that "it is unwise of the critics to cry Art, Art, Art." In chiding them like that, he identifies art with mere settings. Is it only for mere settings that these critics are clamouring? If they say that "Ranjit always sacrifices art to box-office strength", does it mean settings? 'Tis a pity that he has such a poor idea about our critics. Do the critics take so much pain for the last time as to rouse Mr. Chandulal Shah out of his hypnotic state and prove to him that when they talk like that, they do not mean mere settings but something more?

Blow into his assumed deaf ear with hundreds of conches that you are not such fools as to ask of him settings. Prove to him that in his zeal to provide Gohar with difficult situations to display her new and varied histrionic talents, he is making the story artificial and thus sacrificing art to box-office strength. Reveal to him that in his zeal to grab as much money as possible, he is providing as many comic interludes of Ghory and Dixit, thereby depriving the story of its powerful presentation with "penetrating realism". Draw from him an explanation why he indulged in giving a cheap rate comic twist in the end to an otherwise gripping story by making Gohar and Billimoria throw stones at a bread-seller's *bandy* in his film "Gunsundari". Is it not sacrificing art to box-office strength? Ask him what sort of realism and strong theme he aimed at when he produced his "Naughty Girl" without naughtiness and when he mixed two-thirds of comic of Ghory, Dixit and Charlie to one-third of the main theme of Gohar. Is it not sacrificing art to box-office strength?

It is really daring on the part of Mr. Chandulal Shah to try to palliate his own deficiencies. Instead of



Hasi Shivdasani, actor-director and organizer of the Eastern Art Productions Ltd., has played splendid character roles in "Dharam-ki-Devi" and "Night of Love."

admitting his deliberate fault in sacrificing art to box-office strength, his attempt to prove that his pictures are artistic because they are the forceful presentation of strong themes with penetrating realism is really ridiculous. The sooner he realises his themes are not artistic the better for the Indian Cinematic art.

Even if we admit and identify art with settings, his reasoning to evade settings from his pictures is really queer and ludicrous. "Art (settings) is necessary" he admits. But he tries to avoid them by saying that "Art is just like ornament to a beautiful woman. But a woman can look beautiful without ornaments even, if she has real beauty". Yes, we have appreciated and enjoyed Sakuntala in her simple beauty when she lived with her father Kanva. She became the queen, the wife of Raja Dushyanta. Now we no longer want to see her in the attire of Munikanya. Our hearts throb to see her in her queenly attire, and that too for ever. He must keep up her status in being beautiful and artistic.

Mr. Chandulal Shah even admits that "if a story is powerful art enhances its appeal". If so, I find no reason why he tries to continue with his attention on the story only without beautiful settings as he admits. Does it not look more beautiful and more artistic? In spite of it, if Mr. Chandulal Shah goes on with his inartistic productions, does it not amount to sacrificing art to box-office?



Kumar, "Puran Bhakt" hero, is now a freelancer and has worked in several pictures with great success

Surely the hypnotic effects he tried to bring out in his "Naughty Girl" must have affected him too much. Or else he would not have given vent to such unworthy ideas for a director and would not have exaggerated his self-standing position. To admit poison as such is one thing but to proclaim it as nectar is altogether a different thing. It will be like a drunkard waxing eloquent on the super qualities of liquor. May I say to him that it is his very stories that have failed to extract appreciation from some of the great men in our parts who have unanimously and spontaneously proclaimed "Puran Bhakt" and "Chandidas" as artistic productions? Is it for mere settings they were drawn towards these pictures? Barring for the time being western artistic pictures, let Mr. Chandulal Shah compare his own productions with the above two pictures and see for himself, taking out and weighing each item, whether he has equalled with them in any respect, if not excelled. Then he can understand, if the critics cry "Art, Art, Art", they do not mean mere settings but something more.

Jerkiness is the striking feature of his stories. They lack gradual development and smooth commingling of emotions. They seem like the leaps of a frog. They grow like a wild plant in an unsuitable atmosphere. No doubt it is a plant but as it has given place to much overgrowth and has its strength sapped by the surrounding extraneous matter it needs a happy change of place into a suitable atmosphere and a little bit of trimming. Till then how can we say that it is beautiful and artistic? True it is that Mr. Chandulal Shah's stories are beautiful in their themes, but when it comes to their proper nourishment, he does not even hesitate to administer to them different milks of whatever origin and even poison itself, if but he is benefitted by a downpour of jingling coins. So long as he goes on concentrating his attention on Gohar and her histrionic talents instead of on the story, its atmosphere and its emotions; so long as the comic trio Ghory, Dixit and Charlie are to him indispensable and are important, even leading figures in his pictures could not but prove sacrificing art to box office strength.

We can understand him somewhat and get ourselves reconciled to him to some extent if he says that as the mass mind has not yet developed as to appreciate the supreme art, he has no other course than to lower his art to cater to its tastes because he must see that the industry must survive somehow. But instead of admitting this fact, he still persists in saying that whatever he does is art, what are we to do but to understand that something has gone wrong with his mental sphere?

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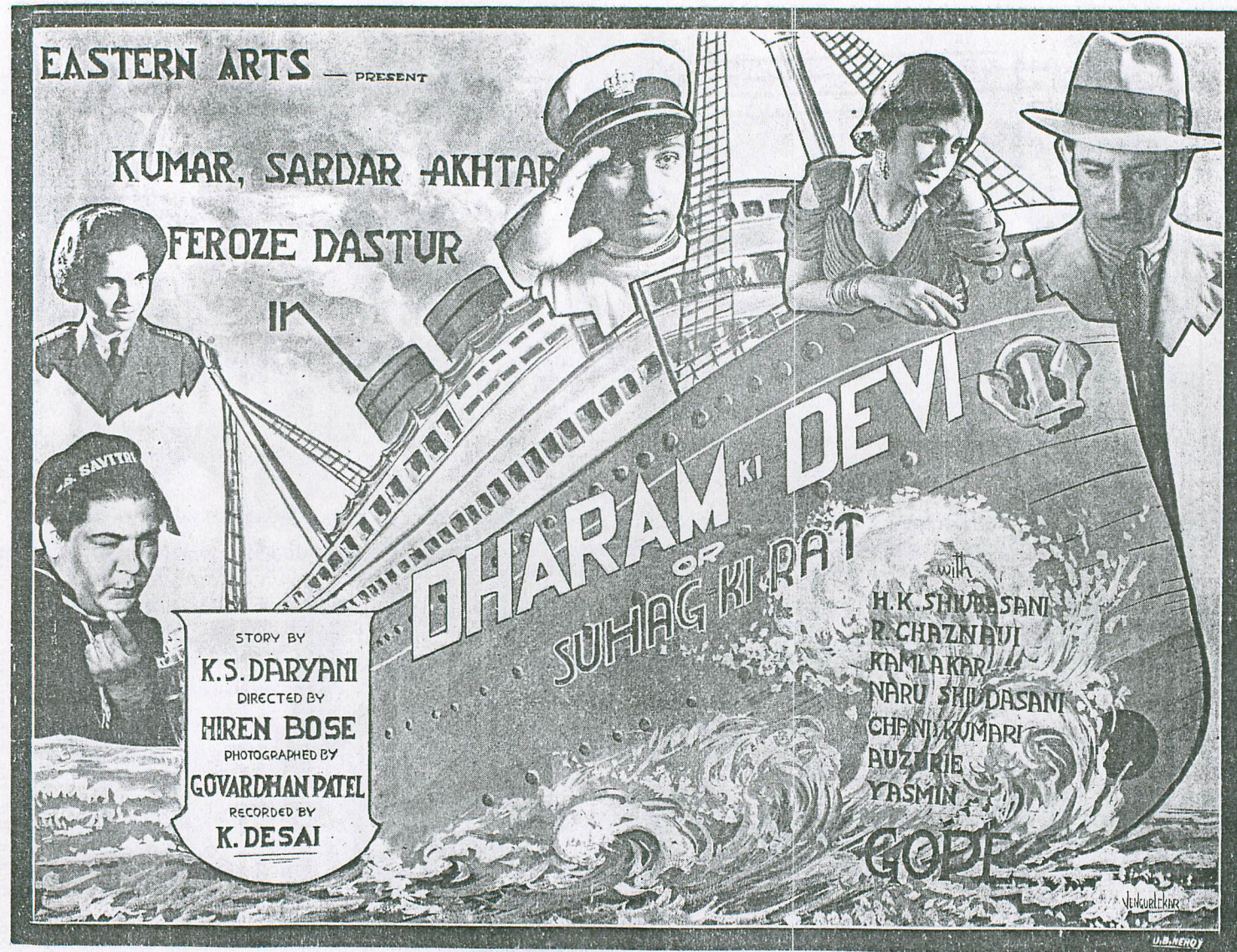
BOMBAY



SANGEET MOVIE TONE.

Madame Jaddan Bai, the enterprising proprietress of the Company, after her first signal success as a producer in her maiden picture "Talash-e-Haq", has taken up "Madame Fashion", a social subject with a very interesting theme. The picture is fast nearing completion at the Kumar Studios and the fans will soon have the chance to see another great picture.

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Telegrams : "KALYANI"



YASMIN—Beautiful and talented and a versatile artiste, this “Marlene Dietrich” of India as some fans fondly call her, is well on the way to stardom. Her marvellous work in “Dharam-ki-Devi” (Eastern Arts’ Production) is the talk of the town. In private life she is Betty Carroll once a reputed cabaret dancer. “Buck Up, Bet,” the future has many rewards for you.”

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Studio Close-Ups

Imperial Movietone: Nandlal's "Wild Cat of Bombay" is already released at the Roxy Talkies, Bombay. Owing to the wild advance publicity, the picture is reported to have attracted good houses on the first two days but on the third day the picture seemed to have failed to attract attention. The picture is not what was expected. Chowdhary's "Shan-e-Hind" is progressing in the usual way and is expected to be completed during the year. Gidwani's "Gulam Daku" has been completed but awaits polishing by Chowdhary. Sarpotdar's "Chalta Putla" is ready and is censored but the proprietors do not seem to gather enough courage to release it, in spite of Chowdhary's doctoring of the picture. Asher's "Lailo Nihar" is in the editing room while Asher is in the publicity room. By the way Chowdhary is also thinking of "Darling Daughters," long in advance of the first one. Mubarek and Kumar have joined the company as villain and hero.

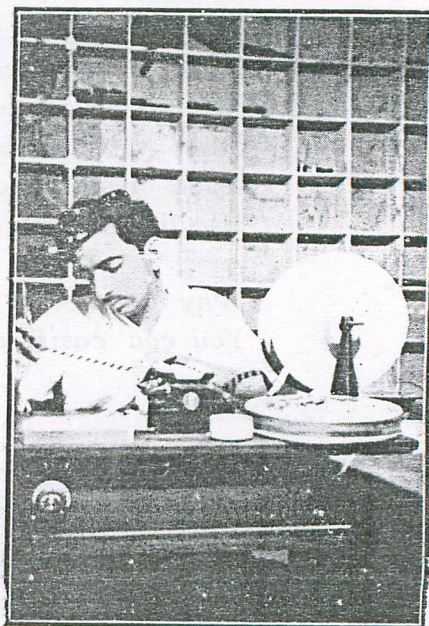
Ranjit Movietone: "Kinti Ansu," Gohar's recent release, is reported to have brought tears to the eyes of the audience. They are reported to have wept for their money. The picture was not well received. Gohar seems to have lost her grip on the box offices. In a hurry the Company, probably to recover lost ground, has released "Raj Ramani", a Madhuri attraction. The picture has proved a poor draw comparatively as all the audience available in Bombay seems to have been taken by the New Theatre's picture "Bhagya Chakra." "Black Bandit" is ready and shelved. It will probably meet the same fate. Madhok, the new Director, who claims to be a genius in comparison with Chandulal and Jayant, is shooting "Dilka Daku" with Rosa Hate, Chandulal's new interest.

Sagar Movietone: Badami's "Dr. Madhurika" which was recently released at the Imperial Cinema won the admiration of the classes, particularly for the bold novelty of the subject. Badami's "Jeevanlata" is fast nearing completion while Mehboob's "Deccan Queen" is already in the editing room. K. P. Ghose's "Forbidden Bride" is reported to have been purchased outright by Chandulal Shah of Ranjit. Director Yacoob is busy with his new picture.

Saroj Movietone: Deming's "Gaiby Sitara" is reported to have been stamped as a weak picture.

Nanubhai Desai, who does not believe in directors producing weak pictures, has given Deming the proverbial walking-ticket. Director Advani has completed "Ultimatum" and the picture is only awaiting the Censor trial. This picture is reported to be really very good and all concerned with it are jubilant about its success in advance. Reports of the picture being purchased outright for all India for Rs. 95,000 are persistent. Director Advani has taken up shooting of "Captain of the Guards" and well nigh half of the picture is already finished. Saroj has a programme of producing ten pictures this year.

Wadia Movietone: "Hind Kesari" is reported to have run very successfully for eight weeks in Bombay. The producers have once again shown novelty of presentation by putting into the picture the work of an intelligent trained horse named "Punjab-ka-Beta." "Pahadi Kanya" which is also reported to be a sensational picture, will be shortly released at the "Lamington Talkies," the show house recently taken up by the producers. Wadia's have got quite an ambitious programme for the season and a guaranteed measure of success due to their trade name.



"Hind Kesari" Wadia's recent successful stunt hit in the Editing Room. Mr. Homi Wadia the Director is seen on the Movieola with the fearful scissors.



DEVIKA RANI

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Double Attraction

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MOTHER

Most Brilliant of all Indian Tragedies

A mother battling for her little one—a woman covered with shame in the eyes of the world—a heart that does not quail in the shadow of the gallows—a story that is lit by the sacred flame of undying mother love—that is the stirring message of "MOTHER".....DEVIKA RANI'S overwhelming picture that is drawing thousands to the IMPERIAL CINEMA. You must see DEVIKA RANI, fighting for the life of her nameless child.....see her ascend the gallows.....and witness her supreme sorrow!

TRIUMPHS A NEW

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Always tell your wife

A Delightful Comedy

Billows of fun...with clusters of startling situations...delightful dialogue...bright musical numbers.....superb acting...and first-class production: these are a few reasons why ALWAYS TELL YOUR WIFE has created an unprecedented furore at the IMPERIAL CINEMA! Imagine one woman telling another: "I am afraid your husband is the same man as mine!" Or a wife taking her husband for a spook on his own door-step! YOU SIMPLY MUST SEE "ALWAYS TELL YOUR WIFE!"

IMPERIAL CINEMA

Daily 5-15, 8 & 10-45 p.m.

Matinee Saturday, Sunday & Holidays 3 p.m.

Eastern Arts: "Dharam-ki-Devi" featuring Kumar and Sardar Akhtar not to mention the versatile Yasmin has been censored. The picture which is directed by Hiren Bose is reported to be very good for the company and is expected to be liked by the classes.

"Night of Love", featuring Shanta Kumari and Yasmin, again with Nazir as the hero and directed by Director Khosla, is also expected to be a success.

Bombay Talkies Ltd.: They have completed "Mamta" with Devika Rani. The picture will be shortly released with a comic called "Miya Bibi" at the Imperial Talkies.

The Company has an ambitious programme for the season, but Devika Rani's health being rather indifferent, several plans of the company are rather upset. It is reported that Najmul Hussein is also not keeping well and Mr. Himansu Rai, the guiding light of the company, intends to send both the artistes for a short change to Calcutta and during their absence intends to carry on work with new talent.

News from other struggling studios in Bombay is not worth reporting.

Bombay Pictures: Their maiden production "Shaheed-e-Mohabbat" featuring Mumtaz Banoo, Shariff, Kohli and others is very near completion. Mr. Homi Bode the young and enthusiastic proprietor, seems to have spared no pains and energy to make the picture attractive from all box office viewpoints. We wish them success.

Huns Pictures: A new concern with a lot of enthusiasm behind it. That famous artist Baburao Pendharkar, has sponsored this concern which promises to be a strong citadel of Art within a very short time. That well known artist, Master Vinayak, is also with the Company and add to that the superb camera technician, P. S. Naik, and you can imagine how nice their maiden picture will be.

POONA

Prabhat Cinetone: "Mahatma" or rather "Dharmatma", is still running well at the Krishna. "Rajput Ramni" with Shanta Apte is almost near completion and will be soon on the screen after "Dharmatma". Director Shantaram has a grand subject in hand featuring Durgabai Khote, Nalini Turkhad with Bal Gandharva.

Saraswati Cinetone: Bhal Pendharkar has at last completed the Marathi "Savitri" with Leela and Madhav Kale. Dada Torney is taking up two new pictures in hand with absolutely novel themes and expects to make them the box office hits of the season.

KOLHAPUR

Kolhapur Cinetone: Ratan Bai unit's "Song of Life" did not secure the results expected throughout India. Still Major Dadasahib Nimbalkar who happens to be a charitable master, has given the unit another chance to prove their worth. We wish them every success as golden chances creep into human life rarely. "Damaji" is another Marathi subject which the company intends to entrust to Director Jagirdar. Director Phalke probably on his farewell appearance as a Director, is taking enough time on "Gangavataran" and the picture is still months and miles away from completion.

Shalini Cinetone: We are not in favour of the Company handing over any further pictures to Govindrao Tembe who does not seem to betray any qualifications for the megaphone, looking at "Rajmukut" his first attempt. Baburao Painter is busy with his new subject, which is expected to be an achievement of art and the artistic.

CALCUTTA

New Theatres Ltd.: "Dhoop Chhaon" Nitin's latest attempt is a marvellous success in Bombay and reports say that it has been received too well also all over India. Profulla Roy is busy with "Dina Pavna" another sensational subject of which great things are expected. "Millionaire," another social smash hit, is ready for release. The Company is rendering exceptional service to the industry and to the nation by producing pictures phenomenally successful and by creating a taste for better pictures, in the audiences.

ODEON RECORDS



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Howlers of the Month

"Mahatma" produced by Prabhat was at last passed by the Censors and released with great success in Bombay. We are told that a censor inspector thought of committing suicide but was prevailed upon to live longer, for another chance. Good luck boy!

Ratan Bai is playing a beggar girl's role in Kolhapur Cinetone's "Song of Life." What else could she do when Hafisjee took her away from her home?

Kolhapur Cinetone must be congratulated for giving Hafisjee the role of his life in "Song of Life." He was born for the role; the only fear is that the incidents in the picture may react on life, and the alliance between three nations may be outraged.

It was on the 2nd of November 1935 at 12 midnight when one of the most successful Dadar producers was discovered arguing serious business with an artiste who was later dropped at the Taj Mahal Hotel. It was probably a hot argument that made both perspire heavily. Oh! the world is full of saints with silver locks.

Maneklal B. Patel of Krishna Movietone talks of starting a picture. Don't believe him. He is just trying to please everyone.

Peshkar B. A. (don't misunderstand, that B. A. happens to be on the wrong end) of Kolhapur Talkies

is fasting since the release of "Song of Life." He is doing penance for the Ratan Bai Unit.

Harischandra Bali seems to be having a weak heart. He always weeps when he hears a good song, but since the day he saw his own music in "Song of Life" he is in continuous tears. Sometimes the grief overwhelms him and he breaks out into a song. I am told that one of the local Recording Cos. have given a good offer for recording the pathetic wail. Even in tears there seems to be money.

By the way, Bali is also romantic. Only we didn't know it. They say the moon does the trick for him and then in the stupor of romance he knocks on the wrong doors and is outwitted by 'delicacies' in night gowns. Ask the Kolhapur Hotel people if you don't believe me.

Khan Bahadur Ardeskar Irani and R. C. N. Broacha both of Imperial Films have gone to Calcutta. Kamani is reported to have run away to Pondicherry. "Don't worry, old man, we shall get an extradition warrant from Khan Bahadur Pettigara" so says Russi Broacha.

Mr. N. V. Rege of Agfa Photo Co. sailed for Germany on the 28th December. Baburao Poy, B. P. Samant, Nanubhai Desai and others garlanded him and wished him a 'bon voyage.' Chandulal Shah of Ranjit is reported to be also present with

a big bouquet on the other side of the steamer.

Coming trade slogans of the Central:-

"Greta Garbo in Girgaum"

"Wallace Beery near Portuguese Church"

"Joan Crawford in Khatau Wady"

"Grace Moore sings near Allbless Baug"

Wish Keki Mody every success and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer every luck.

The Girl in Demand: Padma-devi—Bulbul of Bengal.

The Man in Command: Baburao Patel.

People on Remand: The producers who employ the Bulbul.

Astronomer of the Month: Keki Mody. No wonder with the Central ready and "Khoon-ka-Khoon" running riot, he is scanning the Heavens.

With Keki Mody in this wood, Babu Seth Mamoojee of Calcutta Film Exchange, has returned to the veil. Outraged modesty.

Chevalier Evergreen or Green for ever whatever suits you: Kalidas Trivedi. Meet him in the evening if you don't believe me.

Here are some thrilling episodes from "Dharam-Ki-Devi," Eastern Art Productions Ltd's Super Sentimental picture featuring Sardar Akhtar-Kumar-Rafique Guznavi-Kamlakar, etc.



Wilford Deming Jr. (Junior because there is a senior in America) requires capital to produce associate Indian talkies. We recommend Kapurchand Brothers. One has the itch to produce while the other is angling for a scratch.

#

The Prakash people are bent on producing a 'grand' picture to hasten conclusions with Kapurchand Brothers, their financiers. The war song ought to be "It is a long way to Tipperary. It's a long way to go."

#

Mubarak—Kumar—Vithal had been waiting because Director Chowdhary wished to start three pictures at a time. He has at last done so. Now Ardeshtar Irani is waiting.

#

Warned Off: Director Gharekhan from Imperial Studio by Seth Abdullally Eusafally. Gare Khan says Abdullally is getting soft in the upper regions and needs to be humoured.

#

Director Chowdhary has opened a story writing department with Gharekhan as the bait. The bait is too pungent so no one seems to swallow it. They tried it on a whale but he spouted. If you don't believe me, ask Nanubhai Desai of Saroj. He will tell the yarn in his own words and mind you he has 'words' of his own.

#

Nanubhai Vakil was probably feeling lonely in Calcutta so he has taken Jal Merchant to keep him company. What a compliment to the rest?

#

Champion Financier of the Season: Ramchandra M. Bhatt.

Don't be jealous, one requires some guts to finance two pictures of Sarda

Movietone with Master Bachoo and Alaknanda thrown in for grace under the Sentinel banner not to speak of "Usha" in confinement at Saroj. But the picture that made him blue was "Neela." If he is still ambitious we have to recommend Wilford Deming Jnr.

#

An Every Day Incident:—
(Over the Telephone)

Khubchand Sarupchand (shouting to be heard): "Oh, Nanubhai Seth what are you doing?"

Nanubhai B. Desai: "Hello, Seth, I am busy with my new picture 'Ultimatum.' 'How is your health today?'"

K. S.: "Don't ask me about my health. That Kumar Studio has sucked my blood."

N. B. D.: "I am sorry to hear that Seth Saheb."

K. S.: "Sorry, shut up. I don't want your sympathy; I have staked over a lakh of rupees in that studio and you are merely sorry."

N. B. D.: "Not merely sorry Sethji. I am weeping this side. but it is a pity you cannot see my tears over the phone. Do you realize that I am hoarse with the weeping and I have lost my voice since I heard of the Kumar tragedy."

K. S.: "You are a good man Nanubhai and I have full faith in you whatever the world may say."

N. B. D.: "I am so grateful Sethji. You are the only man who has discovered that. Kapurchand did not think so."

K. S.: "Kapurchand. He is a.....
.....(shocks and sobs at the other end.) If you talk to me of Kapurchand I shall throw the telephone out of the window."

N. B. D.: "For God's sake don't be so rash Sethji. There might be some poor fellow standing below the window and he might be killed, owing to Kapurchand. We have enough casualties in the industry without adding some more to them from the streets. Swear to me that you won't throw out the telephone."

K. S.: "On my mother I won't. A telephone is more valuable than all the Kapurchands in the world."

N. B. D.: "Oh, but Sethji why did you phone me up?"

K. S.: "You see. Nanubhai Seth I am tired of these Kumars and Vakils and as I have got about ten lakhs lying with Gordhandas Sonawalla I would like to finance some big companies like Ranjit or Prabhat."

N. B. D.: "Good idea Sethji."

K. S.: "I knew you would like my idea. I always tell Kalidas that you have the best business brain in Bombay. Will you speak to Chandubhai and Shantaram about my proposal? Tell them I shall only charge 4 per cent interest per month and (shouting) take no royalty like that Kapurchand."

N. B. D.: "You are most reasonable Sethji and I shall speak to Chandubhai and Shantaram when they are both drunk."

K. S.: "Right, right, speak to them on drinks and I am sure they will agree to the proposal. If you put this business through and if you yourself need any finance let me know. I can give you a couple of lakhs at half rates."





Letters of Kamla

My dear Sulochana,

To remember you now means to remember the old glories of Pompeii, now in ruins, a struggling reminder of the great days gone by. Darling, I have

seen your pictures since your first one after cutting off your connection with the Telephone Company. You were then a great hope. We all knew that you were going to be great some day and many of our expectations about you were borne out during the course of your interesting career.

Till you joined the Imperial, you were but a small artiste with a beautiful face. It was no fault of yours that till that time you could not get a good director, in spite of all your personal attempts to attract a really efficient director to handle you. You had to be satisfied with all and sundry chosen by the proprietor.

In the Imperial Film Co., you were taken up by Director Bhavnani. Even in your worst intoxication of success you must not forget what Bhavnani has done for you. What you know to day of screen acting is all due to him. Do you remember the times when Bhavnani used to take you round to the English pictures and point out to you the excellence of great artistes and insist upon your emulating their examples? Surely, you cannot forget that Bhavnani wrote special stories for you and the proprietor of the Imperial spent thousands to shoot these stories so that you could be great in double-quick time. We all remember the romantic pictures in which you featured with Dinshaw Billimoria as the hero. My brother, Ashok, is still jealous of Billimoria, and I am sure so many young men also must be feeling the same way.

Personally, I do not like the choice of the hero for so sweet a girl like you. (You were a girl then, sweet and fresh). D. Billimoria is so crude in appearance, so clumsy in his movements, and so uncultivated in his mannerisms, that it is a sacrilege for any girl, leave alone you, to have to work with him, as the heroine.

Then came your successful director, Chowdhary, whom some drunken fools call great. I don't know if he is really great, but if he is to be called great, then not much is required for greatness and I wonder what adjectives may be used for foreign directors like C. B. DeMille, D.W. Griffith, etc. One thing must at least be admitted: that Chowdhary with all his erratic brain has some sense to put enough mass appeal into his pictures, making them more or less successful than otherwise.

Those successful pictures of Chowdhary have taken you where you are today, at the top of Imperial's pay roll, and drawing the biggest salary paid to any star in the Indian film world. Whatever Bhavnani or other directors may have done for you, they could not make you a successful star as Chowdhary has done. Every success of Chowdhary added to your pay roll, and like the shrewd Jewess that you are, with every successful picture you managed to go up in salary as well as in the estimation of your proprietors.

Chowdhary's silent picture "Madhuri" established you as a clever artiste; till then one doubts whether you knew really much of acting. "Madhuri" could be called your only good picture in your entire career as a screen artiste. In "Punjab Mail" you were just a dancing doll bereft of heart or expression in your work. In subsequent pictures goodness knows what came over you, but you were just stupid in your work.

With the advent of the talkies you were thrown out, and rightly too. Carefully considering your merits for the talkies you still deserve to be thrown out. It was, indeed, a glorious sight to see you, a Jewess, frantically struggling to utter tongue-twisting words in Urdu. In "Madhuri," your first Hindi talking picture, you were so much lost in your battle with the language that one could see you paling beneath the skin. Vainly did the audience search for any expressions or histrionic display from you in the entire 1,4000 feet of "Madhuri."

But "Madhuri" was a success for several reasons. People wanted to see their old favourite again for the first time in the talkies. The plot of the picture always

provided interest to the people while the trade was interested in the picture as the first talkie of Director Chowdhary. Add to these the splendid trade name of the Imperial and we get some solid reasons for "Madhuri's" success.

But what did you do thereafter? Practically nothing barring that admirable dance of yours in "Temple Bells." People expected improvement from you in your dialogues and histrionic display. But you have sadly disappointed them in both. Even in "Indira M.A." which picture was a success owing to the novelty of the subject, your work as an artiste failed, and miserably too. In Nandlal's "Pujarin" the less said about your work the better. In this picture your age and bulk did not provide any excuse for the failure of the picture, which was badly directed and clumsily developed. Even in "Pujarin" your dialogues were as bad and as unnatural as when you began the talkies in "Madhuri." There was absolutely no improvement, and one is led to believe that you do not even wish to improve, being probably content to rest on your old laurels, which now look almost ancient.

Darling, don't get into a temper because I have told you some home truths. Someone has to do that to enable you to improve. It is not what you think of yourself, it

is what others think of you that matters. We all loved you when you were young and beautiful. But now you are neither young nor beautiful. You have no longer any appeal of sex or of beauty left in you to qualify you as a screen artiste. You have easily passed the stage of getting heroine roles demanding a budding beauty. It may be a commercial proposition to exploit you further for your proprietors, but your proprietors certainly do not keep faith with the audiences when they expect you to act a sixteen year old heroine with all the halo of youth and romance round you. Pictures that would suit you should be heavy subjects where you may play elderly and motherly parts as Zilloo does. Admitted that you don't happen to possess even one tenth of Zilloo's histrionic talent; still you would do much better in elderly than in leading roles. Don't be disturbed; your old fans who have learned to love you will grant you allowances and still applaud your noble efforts to portray elderly roles and you will always remain comparatively popular. You owe this to your fans. Don't any more thrust your fast disappearing charm on your fans and lead them to believe that youth and romance are built on age and wrinkles. Be honest, my dear, with your fans and with yourself first. Art never accepted apologies.

And don't forget to accept my apologies for telling you the truth.

Affectionately Yours,
KAMLA.

B. L. KHEMKA
PRESENTS

EAST INDIA
FILM CO'S

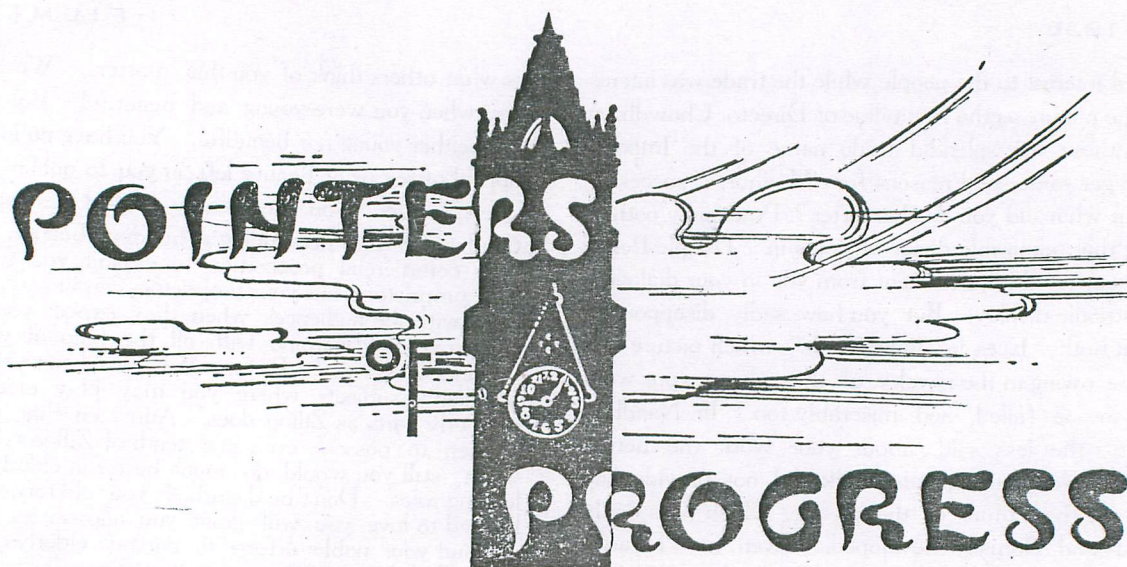
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A CRIME DRAMA
DEPICTING THE
HIGH SOCIETY
SECRETS

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G. R. SETHI
Photography
JOTINDAS

featuring GULHAMID, LALITADEVI,
MANZAR, PHAELWAN
PATIENCE COOPER
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POINTERS OF PROGRESS

Here is what they pay in Hollywood:

In 1934, Mae West was paid £68,000 by the Paramount Film Co. W. C. Fields, the film comedian, got another £31,000 from Paramount and still another £29,000 went to Marlene Dietrich.

Charlie Chaplin got £28,000 from the Chaplin Film Corporation and this is a small bit compared to what he gets annually by way of rents, dividends and interest from his vast fortune.

Walt Disney (the famous daddy of Mickey Mouse) got £16,000 from two Corporations.

Mary Pickford picked up £10,000 from the Pickford Corporation. And this is what these got from some companies and not the total annual incomes of the artistes.

Our highest paid star is Sulochana and she will be getting this year about Rs. 70,000 for twelve months' work in seven pictures.

#

Sam Goldwyn has recently produced a film called 'Splendour' and all the splendour in the film is reported to have cost Sam £250,000. Sam's industrious auditors explain some of the items thus. They say that £90,000 were spent in salaries. Considering that the picture which boasts of a dozen high powered stars took some months in production, let us believe the auditors. People like Mariam Hopkins, Joel Mc Crea, Billie Burke, Ruth Weston, Paul Cavanagh, Helen Westley, Katherine Alexander and David Niven cannot be had cheap. The director is said to have taken £5,000 for the picture and the cameraman another £2000, while the musical, art, and costume directors, the film editor, the recording engineer,

are all society fashion plates knowing how to spend money, and had to be paid big salaries. A crowd of "Yes, Sir" lads who make up the list of lesser technicians all receive weekly wages ranging from £60 to £100 a week.

Rachel Crothers the lucky blighter who wrote the story will be taking about £30,000 and a small percentage in the returns as a bonus.

We are still a long way from £250,000 the total amount spent. But then imagine the bill for sets. When they required a luxurious yacht and a dock for it they just built both. They wanted a mansion complete with restaurant and other amenities for a scene that lasts just six minutes on the screen, and they went out and built one. By the time the picture was completed only a few shillings were left out of £250,000 so Sam went out and bought cigars.

If you wish to see the picture, well, just spend four annas and see it, and with the ticket you also get the right to call Sam a damn fool. No wonder Sam Goldwyn is bald.

#

That great actress, Helen Hayes, is bent on making one more picture, and it must be a perfect picture, she says, as that is to be her swansong to the screen. Helen's professional love is the stage and she has made no secret of this fact. In fact, she has just declined an offer of 85,000 dollars from Paramount to co-star with Ann Harding in "The Old Maid".

Helen's final appearance on the screen will be under the Metro banner at a much lower figure because under a contract she made two years ago she still owes to them one picture.

(Continued on page 46)



Sweet SABITA has given such a refreshingly thrilling performance in "Dr. Madhurika" that she has become a real menace to the best of the stars in the Indian Filmndom. But Sabita must always remember what Sagar's have done for her.

Tabloid Reviews

(PRODUCERS, EXHIBITORS and READERS will please note that our reviewing section can never be influenced or prejudiced by advertisers and others. Absolute impartiality shall be our policy and advertisers who do not like our reviews may if they choose stop their advertisements.—Ed.)

"Song of Life"

Produced by: Kolhapur Cinetone
Story by: ?
Scenario and Direction: P. Atorthy
Photography: V. B. Joshi
Recording: C. Modak
Dialogues by: Anand Kumar
Music Direction: H. C. Bali

This is probably the best picture coming from the Kolhapur Cinetone. In several respects the picture opens a new avenue of producers in Kolhapur. Theme of the story is good but the name of the story writer does not appear anywhere. Scenario and development of the story are very faulty and betray lack of continuity and knowledge of picture making.

In parts the photography of the picture is very good, while at other times sheer negligence seems to be the keynote. Recording which is of high order at places suffers badly at other times, probably due to undue hurry in completing the picture. Some of the songs are badly handled. The laboratory work in general is not at all satisfactory and most of the defects in sound and photography are due to bad laboratory work. Costumes are social and ordinary and betray no especial art beyond selection of costly material. The settings could be called very good considering the fact that Kolhapur does not specialize in social pictures. The general impression given by the picture is that the producer Major Dadasaheb Nimbalkar has spared no pains and expense to provide all facilities with extreme and admirable sincerity but the director and others could neither appreciate or make any full use of Major Dadasaheb's praiseworthy efforts.

Performances

Ratan Bai as "Madhvi" was very subdued. She has stereotyped action all throughout which we have found in "Yahoodi-ki-Larki", "Yasmin" and "Bharat-ki-Beti."

The quality of her voice has distinctly degenerated and her voice is no longer thrilling. Her songs are flat and jarring. Her general appearance is far away from romance and she rather looks our old discarded Nanny. In close ups the hirsute growth on the upper lip is definitely ugly and revolting. It is clear that she is well past the heroine stage. She should not lead in future but should take elderly character roles with a bit of music. Hafisjee as 'Kedar' the Villain of the play is one unending farce from beginning to end. A bankrupt in acting, pictorial value, dialogues or for that matter in many things of screen value he is a complete and perfect disappointment. In "Yasmin" and "Bharat-ki-Beti" we had advised this man not to act, but once again he has thought it wise to outrage all accepted ideals of art and the artistic and thrust his unholy performance on the suffering audiences. His performance is an unholy abortion of art wedded to crass stupidity.

Master Vinayak as "Kumar" made a really noble attempt to interpret the true spirit of the story. Some of his actions looked stogy, but we think that they were due to faulty direction and not due to any fault of the artiste. Generally speaking, his work was really good and probably the best in his screen career so far.

Raja Pandit as 'Ghugoo' was the comic soul of the picture. His character could have been made the key role of the story, but probably due to the inefficiency of the scenarist-director the entire role remained ill developed. The only bright periods of the story from the audience point of view were enjoyed when Raja Pandit and Peroze Bai were together. Looking at the performances histrionically Raja Pandit could be said to have given the best and most artistic performance amongst the whole lot of players with Peroz Bai as a close second. The rest were stogy, melodramatic, unnatural or poor.

The music direction was slightly above the average standard. The first three tunes were snappy while the

THE LAST MISTAKE

Directed by :

KATU ROY

will enliven the silver screen with its

Thrills, Actions, Rippling Music

it is

A PICTURE

of

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY

The complicated actions, emotions
and commotions of social life
blended in sweet harmony with
DANCE AND SONGS

which will

STAY IN MEMORY



For Booking :

Shri Sat Narayan Cinetone Ltd.

GRAND TRUNK ROAD,
AMRITSAR

comic tunes were really good. Less said about the background music the better.

It is a pity that in a picture on which an enthusiastic and sincere producer like Major Dadasaheb Nimbalker spent several thousands, the direction of the picture should have compromised the success of the picture. The direction is poor and inconsistent. At places it is illogical and stupid.

Barring several bad performances of the artistes the picture has a special appeal in the performances of Raja Pandit, Master Vinayak and Peroj Bai and in the technical attractions and therefore ought to run well in almost all circuits. It can go down as a Kolhapur Cinetone success more because of the trade name of the producer Major Dadasaheb Nimbalker rather than due to any star value attributed to the Ratan Bai unit.

#

"Mahatma"

Story by: Narayen Kale
Directed by: V. Shantaram
Produced by: Prabhat Cinetone
Released at: Krishna Talkies
Music Direction: Master Krishnarao

A really powerful subject with beautiful situations and sentimentally thrilling moments. The biggest appeal in the picture is the story value. The picture provides a beacon light of moral guidance to the higher Hindu classes and incidentally provide a flicker of hopes to the depressed classes. It is a great picture and the producers have shown a real moral courage in producing a revolutionary subject and in doing so have rendered unparalleled national service.

Photography is marvellous—the technic is superb while the sound is almost perfect. The direction of the picture barring a few scenes is consistent and really very good. The Hindi dialogues are well written and attractive and their delivery is very much improved. Music is good, but the times run into provincial channels, and won't be so much appreciated in the Northern Provinces.

Bal Gandharva is frankly disappointing. He has neither the personality nor the ability to work as a screen artiste. His songs were flat and uninspiring. Ratnaprabha as 'Girja' could be truly called the "Nightingale of India." Her sweet, melodious voice thrilled the audience, and her songs though based on obsolete tunes sounded beautiful. Her work as an artiste was a distinct improvement on her previous performances probably due to better direction. Chandramohan was as usual superb and polished.

But the best performance ever given by a child artiste or for that matter by an adult one, was by little Vasanti. It is difficult to find words to describe the

super excelling merits of this great little artiste of ours. The whole of India must be proud of her. Vasanti's performance compares very favourably with that of the great international star Shirley Temple.

The question of box office in regard to this picture is problematical. It is a picture that deserves phenomenal success. We wish it every success for in its success is its message and in the message its noble mission.

#

"Bridegrooms Wanted"

Produced by: Bhavnavi Productions
Directed by: Mohan Bhavnani
Released at: Majestic Cinema

The producers have shown courage in taking up a novel theme with diverse comic situations.

The plot is beautifully developed though we must admit that at certain places situations are stretched too much and too long.

Recording and photography are of average good quality. Direction is enterprising.

Nargis is a pleasant revelation. Her performance is very lively and pleasant.

The picture is distinctly attractive from the box office view point. With audiences fond of light comedy and farce the picture ought to go on well. Indeed too well.

ODEON RECORDS



KHANSAHIB ABDUL KARIM KHAN

SS. 4008 Bhimpalas and Dev Ghandhar

SS. 4007 Mishra Kafi Hori & Gara Thumri

SS. 4006 Shuddha Kalyan & Suddha Pilu

SS. 4004 Vasant Khyal & Bhairavi Thumri

SS. 4001 Vasant and Jhijnhoti Thumri

SA. 3020 Anand Bairavi and Shindh Kafi

*Do not forget to hear the popular records
of the Wellknown Artiste of India!*

(Continued from page 17)

fortune of calling a man a partner. If you do this in good times the other man will give a sigh for a sigh and a tear for a tear in bad times.

11—Keep a manager who will bluff less and work more. Insist on his cultivating a better respect for the promises given by him and command him to keep them.

12—Don't make people cameramen or recordists only because they belong to your community. They would prove just square pegs in round holes. Technical work demands skilled and intelligent labour and some communities in India lack both skill and intelligence.

13—If you keep a music director, assure yourself that he knows music. A music director must be able to sing well and must also be educated. A man who only plays on the harmonium is merely an instrumentalist knowing mechanical work and not a musician. He is like a typist who types what is dictated but cannot write a letter on his own.

14—When engaging artistes, at all times give preference to the educated. Screen acting is an art which the educated will understand earlier than the illiterate. Unless a Mahomedan comes from a good stock avoid him.

15—A studio proprietor must read all sorts of papers and magazines for news and knowledge. Even if one belongs to a community that does not believe in reading, cultivate the habit of straining your will power. You ought to keep in touch with the progress of the world to enable you to give live problems in your pictures.

16—See that the Studio works daily and on no excuse whatever is the work stopped. A single unit

studio ought to give an average shooting of about 1500 feet perday. Then and then alone will the Studio pay—otherwise not.

17—Don't think that you know everything. Knowledge is no one's monopoly. If you think you know everything you are just a big fool knowing nothing. Remember that at the eternal fountain of knowledge every one can have a sip if he cares to bend

18—At all times be polite. The link between you and the others should be that of courtesy. Bad words affect others, and leave a bad taste in your own mouth. Your greatness is eclipsed if you stoop to use the language given to the low men of the streets.

19—If someone applies to you for work tell him straightaway whether you need him or not. Don't keep him hanging and waiting. Remember that the time he wastes in waiting, he spends in sizing you up. The man generally ends by getting a bad impression about you. And if you are a business man the impression about you should be good however insignificant the person who gets it.

20—In fine think that you are in business and not in a pleasure park to promenade as you like. If your goal is success don't miss the milestones of self respect on the journey.

I have dealt with one Company. I do not expect any thanks from them. The suggestions are offered in the best spirit possible. If the cap fits let them wear it; if not, let them chuck it.

In my next contribution I intend to write about the Ranjit Film Co. if the editor allows it.



Vivid situations from "Maid of the Mountains" Wadia Movietone's super thriller.

(Continued from page 40)

After that she will just be Madame Hayes to look after her home and daughter.

Our industry cannot find even one artiste to be compared with Helen Hayes in any respect.

#

Bob Montgomery had been to Europe for a holiday and has returned home the proud owner of a 115 mile-an-hour auto. Now his pastime is to take his pals over the Ascot speedway with a wide open throttle when his bosses' heads are turned the other way.

The bosses are worried and they are thinking. They are trying to talk Bob into disposing of the snorting mechanical demon with the same arguments they used on him when he announced he was about to take up flying seriously.

Our D. Billimoria has an auto but for want of petrol he only takes it to the Apollo Bunder and parks it on show.

#

Stars in Hollywood receive all sorts of letters from their fans. Here are some samples. A young man has written Ann Harding stating that he is sure he is just the type of man she wants and needs and that he is willing to trade ten years of his life (as her husband) for fifty thousand dollars. Of course, Miss Harding laughed, but even to suggest that so lovely a lady would resort to 'buying' a husband is to say the least, uncomplimentary.

A young man in Australia wrote Mae West that he would come to the United States and marry her provided she would send him the price of a ticket. When Miss

West decides to marry she will have her man all picked and it won't be a "mail order" man either.

A gentleman writes to Patricia Ellis continually pretending that she is his wife. It is a little game of make believe with him and he frankly says so but many of his letters centreing around their supposed, or pretended married life are a bit embarrassing to Miss Ellis.

A lady wrote to John Boles that she could only be happy if he would send her a kiss. The kiss was to be

placed upon a snapshot she enclosed of herself. Now, of course it wouldn't be much trouble for Mr. Boles to kiss the picture, shove it in an envelope and mail it back to the girl, but Mr. Boles is a happily married man and doesn't pass his kisses about to strange girls via the snapshot route.

#

Mae West has taken to tipping. She gave ten rules for love.

(1) Don't hang out the "Hands off" signal: "Danger-Men at work" is better.

(2) Don't economize on clothes! Cleopatra in gingham never would have made her mark, nor would any one else.

(2) Don't let him know you are smart!

Be smart enough to keep him guessing.

(4) Don't be too dumb either! An empty attic never attracts anything but bats.

(5) Don't be too domestic! It is alright to be a help-mate but don't hang over a kitchen stove while your mate helps himself to someone else.

(6) Don't wait on him! The women who runs errands can't hope to run a man



Devika Rani and Masih in an interesting situation in "Mother" the second release of Bombay Talkies Ltd. at the Imperial Cinema.

(7) Don't be afraid to know more than one guy at a time!

(8) Don't diet! A curve isn't the shortest distance between two points but it is more interesting.

(9) Don't cheat! Cheaters never prosper.

(10) Don't rake up the past.

If our girls follow these tips there will be no lovers left to woo them.

#

The most withering comment one person can make about another in Hollywood is that he is not "big". An example of this attitude is an experience of Charles Laughton, the British actor. A little after his arrival in Hollywood, probably with an intention of saving a bit of money, he bought a small car and had a pleasant time driving himself to and from the Studio, but the Paramount officials intervened.

This is how one of the officials questioned him: "What do you mean driving a little car like that? You are letting Paramount down. Do you want people to think we are not paying you anything? Get a Rolls-Royce and a chauffeur."

The passion for being "big" extends to entertaining in Hollywood. It is a common custom to meet visitors at the railroad station with a brass band—the more noise the better. When a visitor departs he is showered with bon voyage gifts delivered at the train, many of them in crates. The bigger and more unwieldy the gift the more appropriate. Live ducks quacking in their crates often add a neat background music. It is still more fun to give a basket of reptiles, or any thing that is calculated to scare hell out of the recipient. It comes under the heading of something unexpected and unusual.

Imagine a big brass band at the Victoria Terminus when Khan Bahadur Ardashar Irani and Bharucha returned with the crestfallen Kapurchand from Calcutta, not having got New Theatre's "Bhagya Chakra".

#

Jack Delaney, who once was a jockey and whose love for horses and horsey touches has persisted through the years, opened a new saloon and restaurant in Sheriden Square. He fitted up his bar so that customers could sit on saddles instead of the usual stools or chairs. To carry out the horse motif, the men's room is labelled "Colts" and the women's room "Fillies".

That is some horse sense and some of our producers if they cared to put some novelty in their presentations to the world they would have much better business.

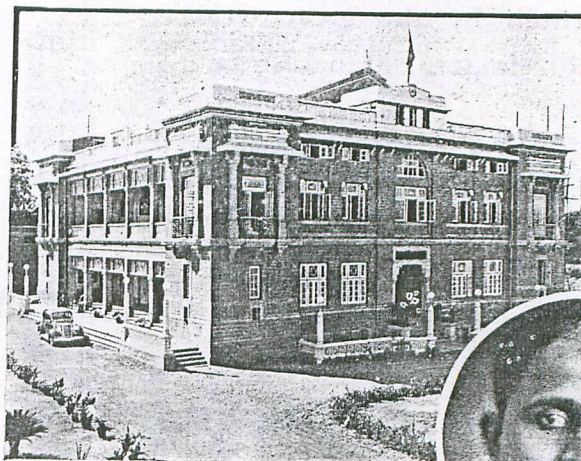
#

The champion of all endorsers, for sheer volume of business, is Constance Talmadge. The manager, Emil Jensen, a man of versatile resources, was requested by Joseph Schenck to do something special for a forthcoming picture called "Breakfast at Sunrise", in which Miss Talmadge was the star. He conceived the idea of getting national advertisers to pay for the promotion of the picture; he sent out a notice that she was ready to indorse anything, provided the advertisement would say a few kind words about her. Time was short. The picture was coming out soon. Constance Talmadge herself was on her way to Europe and would be in New York only one day. But Jensen made this one day count.

Into the Talmadge rooms at the Hotel Ambassador in New York came Jensen and his staff of photographers and technicians. All day long the furious indorsing and picture taking went on. It was a great day. Among the items indorsed, with photographs, were candies, beds, trunks, soaps, creams, hosiery, electrical apparatus, bedroom slippers, corsets, cloaks, pianos, radio sets, alarm-clocks and a hundred other odds and ends. Jensen got busy the next day. In one issue of a national magazine Miss Talmadge appeared using eight different soaps. It was some publicity.

Our stars generally don't believe in managers, and if they at all get one, the man manages something else and provides a different kind of publicity to the star.

#



A photograph of Bhagwat Chitra Mandir, the New Talkie House opened at Sholapur. This probably happens to be the best equipped theatre so far built in the progressive town (Inset) Mr. Bhagwat, the proprietor

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